

BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

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Editor and Proprietor.  
B. W. PATTON, Associate Editor.

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THURSDAY, MAY 10.

THE ONLY GOOD ROADS, KING ROADS.

A. D. Wilcox drove from Muscotah to Atchison yesterday evening and says the roads are simply a fright except in two places where the King road drags have been used. Mr. Wilson has had three drags made at a cost of \$3.50 each, which his tenants use. He is a King road drag enthusiast. The writer traveled over 10 miles of roads Sunday night that never saw a drag. The surprising part of it is that the road led into Nortonville, a town noted for its progressiveness and around which are found a very prosperous lot of farmers. Any one of them can afford to make a King drag and keep his part of the road in shape but they are negligent.—Atchison Globe.

HIRING THE DRAGGING DONE.

The farmers south of town have combined to improve the road running from Arthur Leacy's to the top of the Stevens hill, a distance of several miles. Every farmer along the road has agreed to give a dollar toward the fund, and the township trustee will give an amount equal to the total sum thus raised. In addition several town people have contributed. The road will be dragged twice after every rain, with a King road drag drawn by three horses, and the who does the work will receive \$1 a day. The experiment will be watched with interest all over the county.—Atchison Globe.

GOOD RESULTS AT LAWRENCE.

The residents of North Lawrence and the farmers in the vicinity of Bismark Grove, are using the King drag and a decided improvement on the Dicker road and the roads east and north of the Bismark school has resulted. The drag is doing all that was claimed for it. With the centers of these roads graded so that the water can run off, it will not be long before they will be as a pavement.—Lawrence world.

DULANEY 34371

Dulaney, No. 34371, nine years old, bay, 16.1 hands, weight 1,225. One of the best standard bred big horses that you have ever seen and just the thing for an all purpose sire. He is sired by Jersey Wilkes, one of the best bred sons of George Wilkes. His dam is a producing daughter of Dictator, a brother to Dexter and sire of Jay Eye See, and the dam of Nancy Hanks, 2:04. This horse is hard to beat, considering size, style and blood lines.

He will make the season of 1906 at the barn of W. J. Bishop, 3 blocks west and 1 block north of the public school house in Baxter Springs, Kansas. Phone 123.

TERMS: \$15 to insure colt to stand and suck. Mares from a distance pastured at reasonable rates. Not responsible for accidents.

C. M. Sumner

My breeding stock, consisting of Percheron stallion,



VANSELLOUS, and Black Kentucky Mammoth Jack Leon Junior.

One of the best breeders in Southern Kansas, will be handled by myself at the Stone farm, half a mile south of Baxter Springs. It will surely be of interest to parties having mares to breed to see this stock before breeding.

P. B. WHITE.

The Girl at the Music Counter

(A DEPARTMENT STORE STORY.)  
By H. BARRETT SMITH  
(Author of "Bat O'Connor's Helper," Etc.)

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph H. Rowles.)

Mr. Meyer, of Meyer & Levy, music publishers, thought he had never seen a more enthusiastic audience. It was composed of the usual crowd of shoppers and idlers. He had studied with interest the girl that played the piano. She was a childish-looking little thing in her cheap, ill-looking uniform of black alpaca, but Mr. Meyer was not thinking of the girl's looks. For her unattractive appearance there was ample compensation. Magnetism was in her touch. She could draw a crowd to the counter where sheet music was sold—and that was all she was there for.

Mr. Meyer listened to the music; he watched the crowd, and he felt the pang of thwarted ambition. Rosenthal company—Meyer & Levy's greatest competitor—always managed to make arrangements to furnish most of the music. Mr. Meyer cherished his resentment in silence; Mr. Meyer was a diplomat and rarely allowed his grievances to become apparent. But this morning, when he turned his back on the crowd and noticed Miss McCabe, the head-of-stock, standing near him, he could not resist the temptation of saying:

"You should half better blamo blayen here." His words had the confidential tone used only to an old acquaintance.

"Sure, we should!" The head-of-stock assented readily, to his surprise. "She has a pull." Miss McCabe wrenched the music into place with unnecessary vigor.

"You don't say!"

"But I do say!" The head-of-stock spoke aggressively. "About three years ago the old man was passing through here one evening, just as we were ready to go home, and found her ladyship playing the piano all by her lonesome. He stops and listens—feels sorry for such a kid—asks her questions, then sends her to a planner teacher, and pays for her lessons. Talk about luck! Why, she has a life job here—and I've got a cousin that can play twit as good."

"So-o?" said Mr. Meyer, and at that moment the head-of-stock's attention was claimed by a customer. Mr. Meyer was left to digest the valuable information he had so unexpectedly received, when some one behind him sang low and blithely:

"I want to be an actor lady up on Broadway."

Mr. Meyer started and turned. He ceased clinking his watch chain. The little pianist was looking over some music on the counter. She was conscious of his presence only inasmuch as she was always glad to have an audience.

"You blay grandt," said Mr. Meyer. The girl glanced at him quickly, then smiled and said with jocular friendliness:

"What are you givin' us?"

"I'm giffen id to you straightt. I'm Mr. Meyer vhat supplies most of der moosic, and, say, listen, nextt vintur our firm iss thinken off senden outt a concertt company on der roadt—real actor ladies! Ef our blans comes outt as ve expect, ve gif you \$50 a week for naker der moosic."

When the girl took her seat at the piano, she noted, as she ran her fingers over the keyboard, the look of expectancy on the faces about her; then she smiled at her audience; her gaze sought out Mr. Meyer; she broke into the melody, and simultaneously everybody kept time with the infectious strains of

"I've got my eye on you-oo-oo!"

Mr. Meyer turned violently red. He thought the entire audience was looking at him. He never for a moment connected "I've got my eye on you" with the concert in the air to which he had introduced the girl to feed her egotism, and thereby gain her good will. To Mr. Meyer that concert was but a happy thought that served its purpose and was forgotten; but he never lost sight of his scheme to attach the girl that played the piano to the interests of the house of Meyer & Levy.

He dropped into the department one day and saw the little pianist alone at the counter selecting music. Miss McCabe was nowhere to be seen. Mr. Meyer's heart beat fast. He felt he had not a moment to lose.

The girl saw him coming, greeted him with a smile, a long sideways look, said: "Hello," and continued her selection.

"Vell, how you are to-day?"

"Out of sight!" She began to hum an air.

"Say," Mr. Meyer looked about cautiously, "you should blay more off our moosic."

"Why should I?"

"Because," said Mr. Meyer, earnestly. "You know ef you vould do us der favor ve vould make id vorth your vhillt."

"Oh, no, you vouldn't," said the girl, quickly.

"Vhy vouldn't ve?" asked Mr. Meyer, anxiously.

"Because I vouldn't let you, see?" She emphasized her words with a nod and an impudent wink.

"Bur, Mr. Meyer," she continued, with mock sobriety, "hov's the concertt vour getting on?"

"Der concertt toor?"

"You know," with a nod, "that road company—am I in it?"

"Are you in, id?"—a great light

broke on Mr. Meyer. "Sure, you're in id!—for \$50 a week!" "Gee, whiz, isn't that rich!" The girl leaned over the counter confidentially. "Say, Mr. Meyer, just for a joke, you write me a letter offering me that job at 50 per. It's just such a lovely dream I want to see how it looks in print."

"I wridt it der first thigg when I go back to der office."

"Don't forget," warned the girl.

Possibly in all his business career the head of the firm of Meyer & Levy never enjoyed an effort of his pen quite as much as he did the letter written by request. He fairly chuckled when, in glowing colors, he described the girl who played the piano as "an incomparable artiste," and when he depicted in heart-breaking terms his grief at not being able to pay her more than "50 per." he wept real tears.

Owing to the pressure of business, a week passed before Mr. Meyer called to see the effect of his masterpiece. He entered the department buoyant and self-confident; but to his surprise and annoyance he did not see the "incomparable artiste" at the piano. He hastened to make inquiry of a young woman he saw at the rack assorting music.

"Say," he called to her, "where iss der girl vhat makes der moosic?"

"I ain't here to answer questions," answered the young woman, loftily. "Address yourself to one of the sales-ladies." Then she walked haughtily to the piano, and sat down and began to thump it mechanically.

Mr. Meyer stared speechless with rage.

"Say, who iss dat crape-faced vom-ant vhat acts as ef she owns der store?" he gasped, when Miss McCabe appeared a moment later.

"My cousin." The head-of-stock took a sheet of Mr. Meyer's latest music from a position of prominence, and relegated it to an obscure corner.

This cruel act, added to the startling intelligence, so upset Mr. Meyer that his habitual diplomacy forsook him.

"Where iss dat girl vhat makes dat moosic?" he blurted.

"Gone," answered Miss McCabe.

"Gone!" Mr. Meyer's voice was small. "Vhy goes she?"

"Because she was only getting five dollars a week here, and Rosenthal company is paying her \$10 to play their music up at the Mammoth store. I hear they are giving a concert to-day, so I suppose she is putting on lots of lugs—thinks she has a swell job."

Mr. Meyer could not put his feelings into words. Miss McCabe had no trouble in that respect, she said, vindictively:

"That girl was foxy! She had ner eyes and ears open all the time. She was dying to get with Rosenthal company. I understand she applied for a position a long time ago; but they didn't pay any attention to her till she sent them a letter she got from a big manager, offering her an engagement in a concert tour. She was the freshest ever!"

Mr. Meyer ran all the way down three flights of stairs; he rushed distracted through the store and dashed down Sixth avenue to the Mammoth store.

He found the recital over, and the audience that had listened with rapt attention now stood in groups around the sheet music counter taking a lively interest in "Bedella" and "Navajo."

What a sight met his bewildered gaze!

The girl—Mr. Meyer's eyes bulged—the girl that played the piano was no longer attired in that ill-fitting alpaca. A clinging black crepe-de-chine showed the graceful outlines of a dainty little figure. On top of her head her hair was piled high, the great dusky mass was caught up with a white chrysanthemum, an enormous pompadour topped toward her left eyebrow, while a cloud of small curls cast a shadow over her demure piquant face. Mr. Meyer gazed at the apparition. Oh, the mockery of it! He did not wish the girl to see him; he was boiling with wrath—longing for revenge. As he stood there trying to devise some means of giving expression to his outraged feelings, Mr. Meyer became conscious that some one was watching him, and looking around he saw Rosenthal, of Rosenthal company, regarding him with an amused smile.

"Say, Meyer," said Mr. Rosenthal. "I seen you watchen her—vhat you thinks of der gal vhat plays der moosic?"

"She giffs me a bain!" said Mr. Meyer, with more truth than he intended.

"Yes?" asked Mr. Rosenthal, playfully.

"You haf heardt," said Mr. Meyer, with increasing urbanity, "that they gif her der bounce downdt der street?"

"I'm sure you make a mistake, Meyer, der girl came to us mit a fine recommendation."

"I'm surprisid, Rosenthal, that you are so easy taken in. Dondt you know some friend wrodt id for her?"

"Yah!" assented Rosenthal, shaking with suppressed mirth; "some manager vhat vould gif her \$50 a week in a concert toor!"

"I vouldn't gif her thirty centst!" cried Mr. Meyer vehemently.

Rosenthal exploded.

"Oh, Meyer! Ho, ho, Meyer!" he howled. "Yo, ho, Meyer!"

Mr. Meyer was purple. He took off his hat and mopped his bald head. Suddenly he realized that the music had stopped. He had forgotten that he did not wish the girl to see him.

Then he heard a brilliant prelude. He saw the crowd press close and shut her in from view. Mr. Meyer made a dash for the elevator. Too late! He just missed it. And the girl that played the piano, with a touch never so vivacious, broke into:

"I've got my eye on you-oo-oo!"

A BIG STOCK

Of cards which read as follows can be found at this office:  
"No Hunting, Fishing or Tree-passing Allowed on This Farm."  
The cards are heavy, nicely printed and will stand the weather. Buy them here.

THE NEWS.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the Republican nomination for the office of sheriff of Cherokee county, promising, if nominated, to make the best race possible, and if elected to do the best I know how. JOHN ATCHISON.

BUILDING STONE FOR SALE.

I can supply you with any amount of the very best building stone. Prices reasonable. U. T. GABA.

BEGGS' BLOOD PURIFIER CURES catarrh of the stomach.

Daniels & Plumb have some nice homes in Baxter to sell at a bargain; also cheap farms and city lots.

NEW PATTERNS and new colorings in wallpaper—500 styles—at Polster's Corner Drug Store.

FOR RENT.—105 acres of good land, partly in good grass. The soil is very good and the grass has always run more than a ton to the acre. Come in and make an offer on it, and we will submit offer to owner.

We have for sale a very nice Military street residence property, two blocks from the postoffice; one block from the springs; 2 lots; nine rooms; good barn; plenty of shade trees. For the next few days will make a very reasonable price on it. Call at this office.

Say, our new presses are doing first class work. If you want any kind of printing, no matter what, just bring your order to us, and we will get the work out for you in a hurry, and it will be well done too. Our job force likes to work the new presses, so come on with your orders.

What will you give for three nice lots, located within five blocks of the postoffice? Make your offer in a sealed envelope and leave same at the office of the BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

CHAS. L. SMITH, Administrator of the estate of Mattie Hearn, deceased.

Don't fail to remember that Prof. David B. Morgan, the best veterinary surgeon and dentist in the west, will be at Biachofsberger's livery barn in this city on Tuesday, May 15, for two days. Prof. Morgan needs no introduction to the people of this vicinity. He has been here many times, and has been very successful in treating all ailments of the horse. He is the best friend of the horse in the west.

Don't you know that Daniels & Plumb have sold more real estate than any other firm in Cherokee county, and don't you know that they never misrepresent property, and that every man who has bought or sold through them is well pleased, and thoroughly satisfied? If you don't believe this, just ask any or all who have dealt with them. Now, then, if you have property for sale, or wish to buy, call and see Daniels & Plumb at once. They still have some good bargains in city and country property, and also mining lands and leases. Don't wait till spring when there is likely to be a sharp advance in all kinds of real estate, but do it now. Get a home while prices are with in your reach. Do it now.

NOTICE.

All persons interested, will take notice that my petition is on file in the office of the Cherokee County, Kansas, Probate Court, asking for authority to sell the following described real estate, situate in Cherokee County, Kansas, belonging to the estate of Mary M. Deininger deceased, for the purpose of paying the debts of said estate and the expense of administration, to-wit: Lot two (2) and north 13 feet of lot three (3) in block ten (10); lots eleven (11), twelve (12) in block one (1); lots nine (9), ten (10) in block two (2), original plat, Baxter Springs, Kansas; Lots eight (8), nine (9) in block (14), Van Epps' addition to Baxter Springs, Kansas; lots two (2), three (3), four (4), five (5), six (6) in block four (4) Brewster's first addition to Baxter Springs, Kansas.

Said petition is set for hearing at the office of the Probate Judge, in Columbus, in said county, on Wednesday, the 22d day of May, 1906 at which time and place you can make known any objections you may have to the granting of such order. Dated April 12, 1906.

A. L. HARVEY, Administrator of said estate.

Notice of Final Settlement.

The state of Kansas, Cherokee county, ss. In the probate court in and for said county.

In the matter of the estate of Reuben Polk, deceased. Creditors and all other persons interested in the aforesaid estate, are hereby notified that at the regular term of the probate court, in and for said county, to be begun and held at the probate court room, in Columbus, county of Cherokee, state aforesaid, on the first Monday, in the month of June, A. D. 1906, I shall, on the 5th day of June 1906, apply to said court for a full and final settlement of said estate.

CHAS. L. SMITH, Executor of the will of Reuben Polk, deceased.

Columbus, Kansas, April 12, A. D. 1906.

THE BLUE FRONT CLOTHING STORE

Is the Great Clothing Center.

Alert and watchful, with cash in hand, we buy clothing cheaper and have a wider range of selections. As a store buys, so it sells. When we are able to own our goods below the market price our patrons invariably share in the savings. That is our policy fixed, well defined, a rule from which we never deviate.

MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S HAND MADE SUITS

\$10.00 and \$12.00

When we offer hand made suits at these prices it simply means that the manufacturers are the losers, and you are the gainer. We want you to see these suits—the best bargains ever sold for the money.

CHILDREN'S AND BOYS' SUITS THEY START AT

\$1.00 \$1.50  
\$2.00 \$2.25

and up We have a full line of these goods. Come and see them. No trouble to show goods.

M. HAUBER & SON, Baxter Springs, Kas.

CALUMET Baking Powder

A perfectly healthful powder made by improved chemical methods and of accurately proportioned materials.

Trust Baking Powders sell for 45 or 50 cents per pound and may be identified by this exorbitant price. They are a menace to public health, as food prepared from them contains large quantities of Rochelle salts, a dangerous cathartic drug.

California Excursion VIA SANTA FE

From April 25 to May 5, inclusive, the Santa Fe will sell round-trip tickets to California for \$50.00 from Kansas City, Leavenworth, Atchison and St. Joseph, and all its stations in Kansas, Oklahoma and Indian Territory. Long limit, liberal stopover privileges. The line on which Harvey serves the meals, Pullman furnishes the sleepers, and the Santa Fe does the rest, ought to be good enough for anyone. Nature, too, has been lavish in her gifts—the Grand Canyon as a single instance.

Learn more about the trip by reading our folder, free.

L. B. SMITH, Passenger Agent, The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company. KANSAS CITY, MO.

Always in the Lead. The Ermotor wind mills, because they are the best. I handle the improved Ermotor; also deal in pumps of all kinds, tanks and towers. Fairbanks-Morse Gasoline Engines and scales. Do all kinds of plumbing and steam fitting. See me for prices. EDYMOND JOHNSON. Phone 163